THE PATRIOTS.

A POEM.

By B----T B——N—— K

Illuſtrious Doom!—the Great when thus diſplac'd,
With Virtue guarded, and with Freedom grac'd;
In awful Ruin like Rome's *Senate fall,*
The Prey *and* Worſhip *of the wond'ring* Gaul.

DUBLIN:

Printed for SARAH COTTER, under *Dick's* Coffee-Houſe, *Skinner-Row.* 1754.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

LORD KINGSBOROUGH.

My LORD,

AS Your known Zeal for the Good of Your Country, muſt make every Thing grateful that comes recommended to You under that Title; I thought the following Lines, which endeavours at a faint Encomium on thoſe worthy Patriots, who ſo lately diſtinguiſh'd themſelves in Defence of our Rights and Properties,

would be a Subject equally pleasing. As the Panegyrick is solely confined to such as were immediately concerned in that famous Dispute, I knew no other Way of doing Justice to that Merit I was so desirous to compliment, but by dedicating to You this small Piece, in which is contained their poor, but well-meant, Praises. To mean well is the highest Perfection the Heart of Man can attain to; and even he who errs with that Intention, is a much honester Man than he who would endeavour to disturb Society with any pretended true, or unseasonable Discoveries. I know 'tis the Practice of such servile Creatures, who would have all Publick Spirit destroy'd, to decry it as a Thing incompatible with the Principles of Loyalty; but they who know our Constitution best, and are most zealous to preserve it, see such a close Dependance between all its Parts, that the meanest Member can receive no Hurt or Injury, but the Health of the Whole immediately suffers. They who would maim the Legs and Arms

 can

can have but very little Regard for the Head, which feels as ſuddenly, and is, generally ſpeaking, as ſoon affected as the Part which firſt received the Wound or Contuſion: And ſuch Doctors who would pretend to heal the nobler Parts by deſtroying the inferior, are but like too many of the real ones in Life, who care not what becomes of the Patient's Health, ſo they are ſecure in their Fees. Such Conduct is natural enough in them who have no Regard for us, or Intereſt in our Preſervation; but the imminent Danger of having our Rights deſtroyed and Properties invaded, by Schemes, tending to no good, but promoting the Intereſts of a few Mercenaries; will be ſufficient Apology for us and our Oppoſition; eſpecially when it is conſidered, that the Right of Defence lay wholly on our Side, and that the Adverſaries of our Peace had very little Shew or Colour of any for invading us.

I beg Your Lordship's Pardon for introducing this Discourse into a Dedication, where other Matters may be presumed to be intended: But whatever Constructions a malicious World may be pleased to put upon this Address, they shall never hinder me from testifying my Regard for your Zeal, as also with what Sincerity

I am

YOUR LORDSHIP'S

Most Humble,

Most Obedient,

and Devoted Servant,

The Author.

THE PATRIOTS, &c.

YE Sacred Maids! who tune the vocal String,
And Heroes Deeds in ſweeteſt Numbers ſing;
Who Virtue paints in ſuch alluring Dreſs,
Unfelt we love, unknowing we careſs:
Unfold your Stores, be ev'ry Grace diſplay'd,
No vulgar Subject now demands your Aid;
A Race of Patriots whoſe undaunted Flame,
Nor Bribes cou'd vanquiſh, nor Oppreſſion tame,
All at your Altars preſs, and ſue for honeſt Fame.
A noble Tribe! and fit to be enroll'd
'Mongſt mightieſt Chiefs, or Demi-Gods of old.

Thrice happy Iſle! whoſe genius Satire rais'd
Such Bounds for Verſe, in theſe degen'rate Days.
Thoſe ancient Heroes that deceas'd ſo long,
Gave Themes to Praiſe and added Grace to Song,
Look from their Seats in yon celeſtial Sphere,
And grudge a Glory which they cannot ſhare.
Great *Cato*, *Brutus*, and the *Decii* too,
Thy equal Zeal with pleaſing Wonder view,
Proud to perceive ſome Virtue ſtill remains,
And *Roman* Blood reviv'd in *Iriſh* Veins.
The Herald Fame whoſe Voice thro' Time proceeds,
Fond to record and blazon noble Deeds,
Full of this Act her golden Trump prepares,
And the brave Tale to future Ages bears:
Patriots unborn ſhall this Act admire,
And bleſs the Zeal that kept their Rights entire.

Here had Oppreſſion fix'd her harpy Claws,
And reign'd ſecure, beneath the Shew of Laws;
Each Priv'lege ſap'd; from Right to Right ſhe ſtole;
Gain'd Ground each Day, and near deſtroy'd the Whole;
When Virtue riſing in the Patriot Breaſt,
Oppos'd the Monſter, and her Rage repreſt,
Taught lawleſs Rule its proper Bounds to know,
And bad old Rights in wonted Channels flow;
That happy Poiſe, which wanting to the Scale
Makes jealous Fears and civil Feuds prevail;
Confuſion reigns, and all becomes a Prey
To tyrant Force and arbitrary Sway:

That

That Fruit forbidden which Deſtruction brings
To all who taſte, and is the Bane of Kings.
Our Conſtitution, like ſome Fabric, plac'd
On a firm Baſis, may for Ages laſt,
But take the Props or uſeful Parts away,
Which bind its Limbs or are its only Stay,
In one ſad Moment you the Whole confound,
And the brave Pile comes tumbling to the Ground.

In vain wou'd Wretches artful Rumours ſpread,
Or charge with deſp'rate Schemes the loyal Head,
They call them factious who in *Erin*'s Cauſe,
Dare plead her Rights and juſtify the Laws;
Who will not cringe to thoſe they moſt ſhould hate,
Or bow to ev'ry Golden Calf of State,
Whoſe deſp'rate Meaſures wou'd Deſtruction bring,
And of his Subjects Hearts deſpoil the King;
But let Diſdain apprize the venal Crew,
We know our Duty and our Freedom too;
One ſacred Knot has both our Int'reſts ty'd,
And he's alone a Traytor who'd divide.
Malice may much, and when too cloſely near,
With treach'rous Tales abuſe the Royal Ear,
But when Religion and our Monarch's Cauſe,
To their Defence a willing People draws;
When deſp'rate Ruffians ſhall their Prince withſtand,
As did of late alarm our happy Land,
Let Actions prove who ſooneſt wou'd rebel,
The Hand who'd ſave us, or the Wretch who'd ſell.

Mean time let Poets touch the ſounding String,
And Virtue's Praiſe in laſting Numbers ſing;
Tell how MALONE, in Freedom's fair Defence,
His Skill diſplay'd, and matchleſs Eloquence;
The Nation's Bulwark! he undaunted ſtood,
And check'd the Torrent of Ambition's Flood.
In vain would Threats his love of Honour quell,
Or make him ſlight the Cauſe he lov'd ſo well.
He held no Office that he priz'd above
His Thirſt of Glory and his Country's Love,
And they who ſtripp'd him were thro' Fury blind,
To make him leſs, they ſhould have ſunk his Mind:
Great in himſelf, and greater than before,
Nor Wealth could raiſe, nor Titles make him more.
Alike in Service, as alike in Fame,
See COX appear, a lov'd and honour'd Name,
Virtue and Merit both in him conſpire,
The Patriot's Ardor and the Author's Fire;
His Pen, as uſeful as his gen'rous Zeal,
Directs our Minds, while that protects the Weal;
Foe to both Factions, he alike diſclaims
The furious Cit, or venal Stateſman's Aims:
Friend to his Country! ſhe divides his Cares
'Twixt rural Duties and the State's Affairs;
In each Employment to her Int'reſts true,
Wiſe to invent, and ſteady to purſue;
His private Life a Father does commend,
And publick Service proves him *Ireland*'s Friend;
Let ſuch have Honours, ſuch alone preſide,
Whoſe Hearts can warm us, and whoſe Heads can guide.

But

But lo! a reverend Form now appears,
The Type of Truth in Nature's greener Years,
When modeſt Worth did more than Pride controul,
And Grandeur held no Seat but in the Soul;
Fix'd as ſome Rock whoſe ſteep and rugged Sides
Withſtands the Buffets of the Ocean's Tides,
Whom all the Terrors of an angry Main
Aſſay to move, but ſtill aſſay in vain;
So ſtands the Patriot, Proof to ev'ry Shock,
His Mind as fix'd and ſettled as the Rock:
Who can aver did *Cato* now appear,
But his ſtern Virtue had ſubmitted here,
So much more venal is the Age become
So much more baſe than thoſe of ancient *Rome*,
So much does BOYLE excel the Chiefs of yore,
Whoſe Virtues are not leſs, but Trials more.
O greatly Good! forgive my forward Lays,
Nor think that Flatt'ry which is honeſt Praiſe.
Profaner Muſes may their Eſſence bring,
Proud to exalt ſome vain or worthleſs Thing,
Some titled Cypher! ſome inglorious Slave!
Whoſe Actions ſhame the Praiſes they receive.
Merit like yours can Dignity diffuſe,
Give Worth to Verſe and ſanctify the Muſe:
On Virtue's Ground when Bards erect their Song,
The Pile ſhall pleaſe, and laſt for Ages long.

Who knows, till Honour calls our Talents forth,
How rich the Mind, how precious hidden Worth?

His

His Country peaceful, and no Danger near,
KILDARE to moſt had only ſhone a PEER,
Obſcur'd by Honours of his noble Blood,
His Patriot Worth had leſs conſpicuous ſtood;
Now clear to all his Virtues ſtand confeſs'd,
By all admired, and by all careſs'd,
Thro' ev'ry Clime a loud obſequious Fame
Purſues his Steps and dignifies his Name:
Not his lov'd HILLSBOROUGH more Attention draws,
When gen'rous he ſuſtains his Country's Cauſe,
And wond'ring Senates with his Judgment ſmit,
Admire his Strength of Parts and early Wit,
Theſe like the Twins of *Leda* ſhall appear,
And deck by turns our *Iriſh* Hemiſphere.
CARTER and DILKES, in the ſame Circle ſeen,
Shall riſe like Stars and fill the Space between,
Illuſtrious Souls! who rather choſe to fall,
Than quit the Cauſe of Virtue, and of BOYLE?
When Worth like yours is puniſh'd with Diſgrace,
What harſh Rewards may not expect the Baſe?
A gen'rous Foe ſuch Virtues would admire,
And that which caus'd your Fall, had rais'd you higher:
Too brave for Slav'ry, too reſolv'd for Fear,
Honour and Truth thy ſole Offences were,
Illuſtrious Crimes! and but for Boſoms fit,
Whoſe matchleſs Virtue dare ſuch Faults commit.

More would my Muſe enlarge, and farther tell,
Who moſt in Ardour for our Rights excel,
Point out each Hero who in Freedom's Cauſe
Repell'd Ambition, and confirm'd the Laws

That glorious *Liſt* that ſhall remember'd ſtand,
While Faith ſubſiſts or Virtue charms the Land.
Here LAMBERT, NESBIT, PACKENHAM eſſays,
With like Endeavours for their Country's Praiſe.
There the MALONES fraternal Cares divide,
To ſtem Corruption and oppoſe its Tide.
Facetious HARWARD rallies *Erin*'s Foes,
At once their Weakneſs and their Malice ſhews.
Here the two SANDFORDS equal Cares approve,
His Reaſon this, and that atteſts his Love,
While ADDERLY aſſerts the publick Weal,
With loyal Ardor and becoming Zeal;
Spirits more brave, more juſt to Reaſon's Laws,
Ne'er urg'd Debate or grac'd an honeſt Cauſe.
What Worth can BOYLE's or HAMILTON's excel?
This ſcorn'd a Bribe, and that for Honour fell:
Illuſtrious both! and honour'd by the Muſe,
Who loſt a Penſion, or did one refuſe.
Let ROCHFORT too, poſſeſs an equal Crown,
And join MACARTNEY's Lawrel with his own.
Can GARD'NER's Zeal be in Oblivion loſt,
Who for his Country's Good his Fortunes croſt?
Who wou'd not Virtue's injur'd State deplore,
Should Faction hurt, or Wrath unſettle GORE?
That noble Race in whoſe untainted Veins
The Love of Truth and virtuous Freedom reigns,
Nor can bold Malice one Example ſhew,
Thro' all the Tribe who is his Country's Foe.
The DAWSONS too, and BLENERHASSETS claim,
For equal Merits equal Share of Fame.
Should the bold Muſe extend her weaker Wing,
And Praiſe peculiar to each Patriot bring,

Tell

Tell who moſt labour'd, who in our Defence
Spoke their own Virtue and the Nation's Senſe,
The Taſk too weighty for her feeble Lays,
Wou'd ſink to Meanneſs what ſhe meant to raiſe;
Let publick Praiſe their Conſtancy renown,
Dwell on the Theme, and give a ſurer Crown,
From her Award the nobleſt Palms proceed,
And theſe to gain is Happineſs indeed.

O could my Verſe to theſe brave Heights aſpire,
Which *Pindar* reach'd, and travers'd with his Lyre,
The ſtrengthen'd Muſe an Eagle's pitch ſhould fly,
And Virtue fix in her own native Sky;
Here on a Throne, with Harp and Scepter grac'd,
And bright as *Sol* in his Meridian plac'd,
Shou'd ſit *Hibernia* gladding human Ears,
With Sounds more dulcet than the chiming Spheres;
No wonted Sorrow ſhould her Viſage ſtain,
But Peace inſtead, and ſweet Contentment reign,
Eternal Smiles their Treaſures ſhould ſupply,
Baſk in her Cheek and revel in her Eye;
Her ſhining Sons ſhould round their Mother play,
Thick as the Stars that ſtrew the Milky Way,
New *Galaxies* ſhould in the Heav'ns appear,
And Patriot Suns adorn our Hemiſphere,
With added Stars the Firmament ſhould glow,
And light the World with Virtues from below.

But when weak Genius bounds the Poet's Wing,
And he but means what he would gladly ſing,

Well-

Well-natur'd Judgments will Conceſſions make,
And ſpare his Labour for the Subject's Sake:
Such gen'rous Favour may ſome Bards inſpire,
With warmer Guſts of animated Fire,
Whoſe Fancies aided by ſo rich a Theme,
May crown your Merits with diſtinguiſh'd Fame;
Such Gifts ſhall laſt, when Titles of the Knave
Diſgraceful fall, and wither in the Grave,
When Stateſmens Wiles and Courtiers Projects o'er,
Villains ſhall bribe, and Slaves betray no more.

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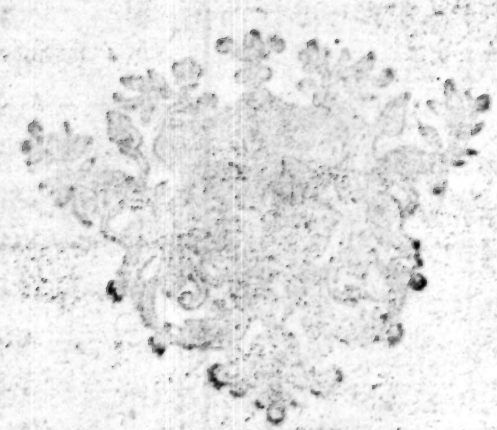
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